

A Beauty With Multiple Masks Chapter 171

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Chapter 171 A Meal, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Even if she wasn't the one responsible for my mother's death, the things that she did to me after she returned home are more than enough of a reason for me to despise her! Meanwhile, Cindy, who was carrying firewood in the mountains, suddenly sneezed. *Is someone cursing me?* Miffed, Louisa turned around and yelled, "Hurry up or we won't be able to make it back by sundown!" "Yes," Cindy replied with a sullen look on her face.

After I'm done with Henrick, I'm coming for you next, you little wench! In the meantime, Arielle was heading back to the set for her commercial shoot. She could finally continue with the shoot now that the incident pertaining to the explosion had settled down. Vinson, on the other hand, was woken up by a call from the director on set. "Mr. Nightshire, we are ready for the shoot now. Can you come over?" Surprised, Vinson got up from his bed and asked, "You're ready for the shoot? Is Arielle already there?" "Yes, Ms. Moore has already arrived."

Vinson was stupefied. *Does she not feel exhausted after what happened yesterday? I don't know if she's hardworking or just plain stupid. Nevertheless, that's her character.* He let out a resigned sigh before replying, "Okay. You guys can start the shoot first. I'll head there as soon as I can." "Yes, Mr. Nightshire." The director hung up the call. Vinson did a few stretches and went to brush his teeth. *I wonder if Arielle has eaten her breakfast yet?*

I should buy breakfast for her on the way there. Vinson suddenly recalled the question asked by Carter yesterday on whether or not he had a crush on Arielle. To avoid any misunderstandings, Vinson decided to buy breakfast for everyone on the set. After Vinson was done brushing his teeth, he dashed downstairs. Just as he got down to the living room, his path was obstructed by a hand that had a jade bracelet on it.

It was his mother, Susanne. Vinson raised his eyebrows and asked impatiently, "What's the matter, mom?" Susanne pursed her lips. "I told you countless times to come home earlier. Why won't you listen? I've been staying up to wait for you!" Vinson replied apathetically, "I've been busy with work recently. You don't need to wait for me." Susanne scowled at Vinson. "Is your work more important to you than your marriage?"

Enough of that, I want you to eat with me and Ms. Greene. It's been a long time since we last had a meal together." Vinson aligned his eyes with Susanne's. "Ms. Greene?" Susanne smiled before answering, "The Greens were originally supposed to return to Horington today.

However, now that Ms. Greene has been enrolled in a university here, they are here to stay. In fact, Ms. Greene will be staying with us throughout her study period." Vinson's eyes looked lifeless and cold as he remained silent. Seeing as Vinson was quiet, Susanne quickly dragged him over to the dining table.

"Come, let me introduce Ms. Greene to you." Delighted, Susanne had a big grin on her face. Not only was Ms. Greene from a prestigious family, but she was also very polite and ladylike. Moreover, since the Greens had quite an influence in Horington, marrying her would definitely benefit the Nightshires.

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Chapter 172 The Humiliation, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Susanne liked Ms. Green a lot and saw the latter as a potential daughter-in-law candidate. "Come, Wendy, say hello." Susanne grabbed Vinson with one hand and Wendy with the other. "This is my son, Vinson. The two of you will be living under the same roof from now on. By the way, he's an alumnus of Jadeborough University. You can ask him anything regarding the university." Wendy, who was very shy, finally built up the courage to look at Vinson.

Upon seeing his face, Wendy was stunned in place. She was captivated by Vinson's suave appearance and the aloof aura surrounding him. With just one glance of his face, Wendy was enamored of him. *I knew that he was good-looking, but I didn't know that he was this attractive! Even the faces of famous actors on TV pale in comparison to his face. It seems like God has spent a little more time on this human being here!*

Even though Wendy was a fairly composed woman, she couldn't help but blush after seeing Vinson's face. It was literally impossible for a woman to keep her composure in front of this man. After seeing Wendy's facial expression, Susanne knew that Wendy was into her son. In high spirits, she let out a bright smile. As she turned around to glance at Vinson, she was disappointed to see him staring at his phone and ignoring Wendy. *This daft son of mine!* Peeved, Susanne exhorted, "Vin, this is not the time for work. You should say hello to Wendy!" Vinson would've pushed Susanne aside if she wasn't wearing high heels.

"Vin?" Susanne frowned and snatched his phone from him before uttering, "Hey, I'm talking to you. Do you hear me?" Vinson finally lifted his head up to look at Wendy in the face. Wendy deliberately straightened her back to appear more elegant. She was rather confident with her own looks. *My appearance should be more than enough to please him.* Her skin was bright and firm while her black lustrous hair was soft and fluffy.

Furthermore, she had charming features. She was the epitome of beauty from the south. However, Vinson showed no interest in her. He gave her a quick glance and nodded out of courtesy. The time he spent glaring at her didn't even last a second. Wendy was chagrined. It was the first time she got neglected by a man. In an instant, Wendy's face turned pale. *Is my complexion a bit off today? It must be because of the lack of sleep yesterday.*

Vinson directed his eyes toward Susanne and said, "Something urgent came up at work. I can't accompany you any longer. I might just sleep in my office over the next couple of weeks." He turned around and walked away. Gazing at the melancholy look on Wendy's face, Susanne comforted her with a few words before going after Vinson.

She even took off her high heels in order to catch up to him faster. Having caught up to Vinson, she blocked his path. "Vinson! Do you not even see me as your mother anymore?"

I told you to greet Ms. Greene, but you just gave her a nod instead. And also, what do you mean you're going to sleep in the office? How do you think Ms. Greene would feel when you said that? You're making her feel unwelcomed!"

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Chapter 173 Each With Their Own Thoughts, A Beauty with Multiple Masks
"She's right." "What?" Susanne asked in shock, unable to immediately process what her son said. Vinson replied coldly, "Why should I be welcoming to a stranger? But you can let her stay here if you really like her that much. Just inform me when you get sick of seeing her around." "You—" Susanne's face was flushed red with anger. "I dare you to say that again! I'm helping you choose your future wife and not a playmate!"

"Oh, you don't have to worry about that. I can find my own wife. Besides, I've already found her." Susanne was startled at Vinson's words and suddenly recalled the phone call earlier. Her pupils constricted as she exclaimed, "You didn't make that up just to brush me off?" Not wanting to continue the conversation, Vinson glanced at his watch and said, "I have work to attend to." Then, he strode off. Only then did Susanne realize Vinson was being serious and pressed on excitedly, "Who is she? What are her qualifications? What's her name? Have I met her before?"

Of course, she was most concerned about the woman's family background. She would never accept a woman from an average family to be her daughter-in-law. Even though it was extremely rare that her son took interest in a woman, Susanne would not make any exception. "You will meet her someday," Vinson said before entering the elevator, which took him straight to the underground garage. He then drove off in his sports car. Susanne did not have the patience to wait. *I need to find out who this woman is and run a background check on her.*

After all, the Nightshire family shall accept women of prestigious families only. As such, she ordered the butler to find out Vinson's recent whereabouts and consolidate a list of the women whom he had interacted with. After giving her instructions, Susanne returned to the dining room. With an apologetic smile, she said, "I'm so sorry, Wendy, my son is good at everything except dealing with women. Please don't take it to heart, yeah?"

It will be fine once you two get to know each other better." However, Susanne was not aware that Wendy had heard their entire conversation. Worried that the mother-son pair would end up in an argument, the latter had chased out after them. But Wendy pretended that she knew nothing. Looking a little upset, she replied obediently, "Don't worry about it, Ms. Stone. It's normal for Mr. Nightshire to be dismayed."

After all, it's true that I'm imposing on your family. M-Maybe I should just stay at the house." "That won't do! Jadeborough is still an unfamiliar city to you. I will worry if I leave you all by yourself. Just stay here and ignore that fella. I'll be happy to have you as a company." Susanne smiled warmly at Wendy and held her hand. However, the woman had her own plans.

If Vinson's love interest had a family background and qualifications comparable to that of Wendy's, Susanne would allow Wendy to leave, citing the reason that she was already familiar with Jadeborough and that she should move out so that she could enjoy her privacy. However, Wendy, who could read people well, fully understood Susanne's intentions. She would have left immediately if it were another man. Back in Horington, she was the picky one.

She would not have expected for herself to become the subject of selection. However, after meeting Vinson, and taking into account the Nightshires' prestigious status, the woman was willing to stay and take a gamble. As she was the most outstanding woman in Horington, she would naturally want a man who shared the same status or more superior.

Hence, Vinson was the ideal candidate. Even though both women looked happy on the surface, they each had different aspirations. Meanwhile, Vinson sped all the way to the filming site.

After Vinson arrived, he got Iris to distribute the breakfast which he had bought to everyone while he and his assistant made sure that the filming surroundings were safe. Vinson only entered the studio after he had finished inspecting the area.

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Chapter 174 Secret Diary, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

They had a few scenes left to film when the explosion happened abruptly on the previous day. As such, the director amended the script so that no additional filming was required. The agenda for that day was just to take some promotional materials which were rather relaxed. When Vinson entered the studio, Arielle, dressed in Soir Coffee's waitress uniform, was carrying a coffee cup and following the photographer's instructions.

When the director spotted Vinson, he immediately walked up to him and greeted, "Mr. Nightshire—" Vinson made a shushing gesture and continued gazing at Arielle. Arielle was a natural in front of the camera. She did not need any additional prompting to get into position and could perfectly execute any pose requested by the photographer. The director, who was observing the shot, said softly, "Ms. Sannie is born to be a model.

Mr. Nightshire, you're in luck to be able to find such an ambassador." Even though Vinson never liked flattery, for some reason, he felt really happy to hear the director singing Arielle's praises. Arielle managed to complete the filming tasks for the next two days within that day itself. After she was done with work,

the woman found Vinson, who was working on his tablet. "Are you free tonight?" Vinson's heart started beating faster when he heard Arielle's question.

Pretending to be busy, he cleared his throat and replied, "I'm quite busy, but I guess I can still squeeze out some time for dinner. If you are asking me out for dinner—" "It's not that," Arielle interrupted the man and continued, "You still have my stuff. When are you passing it to me?" Vinson froze for a moment and his expression darkened. *Why did I overthink?* Pulling a long face, Vinson passed his tablet to his assistant and replied, "I've already called Carter.

He will be sending it over later." Just when Vinson finished speaking, Carter arrived. "Chief," Carter greeted Arielle before handing over a password-protected briefcase to her and said respectfully, "Your item is inside." Arielle was stunned to see the password-protected briefcase. *What the heck is this?* Carter cast a glance towards Vinson and said, "Someone told me that your item has to be stored safely. That's why I found a briefcase for it. I'll open it for you now."

At once, Carter unlocked the briefcase and took out the diary. Arielle took over the diary and looked at Vinson instinctively. With an awkward expression, Vinson replied, "I always do my best to fulfill my promises to others. Now that you've gotten your stuff back, I'll make a move first." To prevent Carter from uttering more nonsense, Vinson dragged Carter along with him. Arielle, who was hugging the diary to her chest, stood rooted to the spot for quite a while before suddenly letting out a chuckle.

She suddenly realized that Vinson could actually be quite adorable. On her way back home, the promotional videos and photos, which the post-production team had worked overtime to complete, were released on the internet. Netizens were astonished by the promotional materials and started following Arielle on social media.

Within minutes, Arielle's follower count rose to millions and was comparable to any other popular artiste out there. However, that did not interest Arielle. Once she reached home, she locked herself in her room and sat at her desk, where she started reading her mom's diary. The first diary entry was written before Maureen got married. She wrote mainly about work and there was nothing unusual about the content that was useful to Arielle.

After reading for a while, one of the entries caught the woman's eye. *20th June, rainy day. What a day! I almost got robbed. Thank goodness I was saved by a kind passerby. He is really good-looking. I haven't seen him around before so I don't know who he is. Sigh, I should have at least asked for his name.*

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Chapter 175 Biological Father,A Beauty with Multiple Masks

The veins in Arielle's temples throbbed as she read that entry and wondered if that "he" whom her mom was referring to could be her biological dad. She could not wait to read the next entry, which was written two months after. *17th August, sunny day. I met him again today. I was ready to ask for his contact and mustered up the courage to do that. However, he was one step ahead of me and asked for mine first.*

He even asked me out for dinner tomorrow. However, there's something strange. I've been trying to find out his identity for the past two months but I couldn't find any information on him. Who is he? Arielle scanned through her mom's writings quickly. The man and her mom fell deeply in love with each other within one month after knowing each other. Arielle couldn't help but smile at some parts of the diary as she got to know her mom in her teenage years.

However, Arielle had also noticed that her mom had always harbored doubts regarding that man's identity. Even after being together for almost three months, she was still clueless about his identity. She only knew that he was from a distinguished family—so distinguished that she might not even be worthy of him. As such, during the period when they were together, Maureen had worked hard on improving herself.

She not only expanded the company's business overseas, but Moore Group had also even risen to the same level as the four most prominent families in Jadeborough under her management. That was also the peak period of development for the Moore Group. After reading through the entries about her mom's dating life which spanned across three months, Arielle stopped at two empty pages which followed. She quickly flipped past those two pages and realized that the next entry was written after five months.

15th April, cloudy day. I finally found out about his identity and I finally know that there's an insurmountable distance between us. His mom is right—I'm not good enough for him and I don't want to become his burden. But, I'm pregnant and the baby is innocent. What should I do? Arielle's heart clenched when she read that entry. She knew almost certainly that "the baby" mentioned in the diary was her and quickly read on. *18th April. He was taken away by his family and he will never be back again. Although I understand his situation, I can't help but hate him.*

At the same time, I still love him so much. The baby is innocent and deserves to live. Even if this is a mistake, I'll make sure I take it to my grave. 27th April. I'm getting married but he's not the groom. I want to give our child a complete family so that she can grow up happily and enjoy a proper status. I'll do whatever it takes even if it means sacrificing my own happiness. Tears started streaming down Arielle's face when she read that.

She finally knew the truth. It was only because of her that her mom had hastily married a man whom she had no feelings for and who did not deserve her. However, that was not the end of the diary. After crying for a while, Arielle wiped off her tears and continued reading. The rest of the entries were rather disorganized and did not even have dates tagged to them. That could possibly mean that her mom's mindset was no longer as peaceful as before.

We held a simple wedding ceremony today. I feel really bad towards Henrick. However, I still can't bring myself to love him. But I will make it up to him in other ways. When the child is born, I'll tell him the truth and let him blame me for all he

wants. I won't have any complaints. We've been married for a month. Henrick turned out to be a completely different person from that man I met on our blind date.

He's narrow-minded, materialistic, and short-sighted. Even though it's hard to be around him for even a single second, I will endure it. I did not expect Henrick to have such violent tendencies. He beat me up after coming home drunk tonight. Thank goodness my baby is fine. It has been six months since we got married.

I no longer feel bad towards Henrick anymore because of everything he has done so far. I have decided to divorce him once I give birth! It's impossible for my child to be happy with a father like him. I finally got to meet my darling daughter today. It's the happiest day of my life.

His family came to look for me. They might have suspected that my Sannie is their blood. I will never allow them to take her away! However, that would also mean that I can't divorce Henrick... The remaining entries were all written far apart from each other and consisted of random stuff. Until—

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Chapter 176 He Has Fallen For Arielle, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

I found out that Henrick and Cindy have been poaching our employees. The relationship between the both of them is also questionable. But most importantly, I discovered that Henrick has been in contact with his family. For Sannie's sake, I can't keep them around anymore! That was the last entry in the diary. After checking the timeline, Arielle estimated that the entry was written three days before her mom passed away. Perhaps, Henrick and Cindy killed mom because she wanted to chase them away after finding out about their evil plot! But, what is "his family" about?

*Is she referring to my biological father's family? If that's the case, how did Henrick manage to come into contact with that family that was so out of reach that even mom wasn't worthy of? As Arielle was lost in her thoughts, her phone chimed. The woman glanced at her phone and saw that it was a message from Vinson. He texted: *Are you asleep? The live stream is tomorrow. Are you nervous?* After Arielle returned home, her mind was entirely focused on her mom's diary and she did not think about anything else.*

It was only when she saw Vinson's message that she remembered she had a live stream the next day. She took a look at the time and realized that it was already past 11 p.m., which meant that she should be going to bed. Arielle could not stop thinking about the "him" who was mentioned multiple times in her mom's diary. There was so much that she needed to find out but she knew that she had to be patient.

Henrick might hold the key to the answer. Arielle closed the diary and rubbed her eyes. After locking the diary away, she quickly washed up and headed to bed. Before she slept, she texted a reply to Vinson: *I'm not nervous. Gonna sleep*

now. After seeing Arielle's short reply, Vinson, who was resting in his company's lounge, tossed and turned restlessly, unable to fall asleep. He had thought so hard to come up with a topic to chat with Arielle about, but she had simply ended the conversation just like that.

That made him feel exasperated and frustrated at the same time. Suddenly, Carter's words came to his mind and he felt a flicker of irritation. *Have I really fallen for Arielle? Ha! How is that even possible!* Vinson got up and took a sleeping pill. Only then did he manage to fall asleep. The purpose of the live stream was to promote Soir Coffee. The audience's response to the live stream was extremely favorable and the viewership was high.

Arielle stretched her body after the live stream ended. Just then, an attractive woman whom Arielle had not met before walked in holding two bags of desserts. "Excuse me." The woman approached Arielle and asked, "May I know where Vinson is?" Arielle was about to remove her cap and turned around when she heard the woman's voice. Dressed in branded clothes, the woman looked just like an exquisite doll with a pair of big and bright eyes.

Even the way she spoke was soft and gentle. However, for some reason, Arielle did not tell her where Vinson was right away but asked, "Why are you looking for him?" Wendy had approached a random coffee shop employee to ask for Vinson's whereabouts and was shocked to see how stunningly beautiful Arielle was when she turned around.

Wendy had met her fair share of beautiful women when she was in Horington. However, it was the first time she had come across someone with Arielle's elegance. Wendy froze for a second and felt enmity towards Arielle. It was natural for an attractive woman to feel that way towards another woman who was better looking than her.

After pausing for a second, Wendy raised the bags in her hands and replied, "Ms. Stone told me to deliver some desserts to Vinson." After she finished speaking, she added intentionally, "Oh, Ms. Stone is Vinson's mom. Can you please let me know where Vinson is?"

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Chapter 177 Have You Forgotten About Me, A Beauty with Multiple Masks
Arielle's eyelashes fluttered, but she quickly covered it up by emotionlessly pointing in a direction. "He is in that room, looking at today's live broadcast record." "Ah, I see. Thank you." Wendy beamed her reply, revealing her cute dimples before fixing her bangs. Then, she strolled toward the room. The latter was watching Wendy's every move until she entered the room. "Ms. Sannie? Ms. Sannie?" called the assistant.

Breaking out of her trance after some time, she turned to the assistant. "Yeah?" "Are you okay?" The assistant stared at her strangely. "I've been calling you." "I'm fine. Maybe it's the pressure from the live broadcast. Anyway, why are you here?"

"Nothing, I just want to bid my farewell. Since the filming is concluded, we might not meet each other again." The assistant had always been kind toward Arielle, so the latter felt a bit reluctant to part ways.

"Although there's a possibility that we won't work with each other again, we can still hang out sometime." "Sure, it's a promise then!" The assistant raised her pinky finger, which Arielle accepted. The two then stared at each other with a smile. In the meantime, the person in charge of the Soir Coffee project was reporting to Vinson in glee, "We're getting great response from the live broadcast, and the discount coupons are sold out.

Maybe we can expect long lines of customers when we officially open the store tomorrow." "Let's hope so," replied Vinson indifferently. "The promotion went well. Now it depends on the sales department to come up with ways to retain the customers. Instead of profit, they should focus on the quality first." "Yes! I'll make sure to let them know." Suddenly, the door was pushed open, and a sweet voice echoed from outside.

"Excuse me, is Vinson in here?" Everyone in the room, including Vinson, turned toward the door. Wendy spotted the man among the group. Though this was their second time meeting each other, she was still attracted to his charm. Her heart inevitably picked up its pace. "Um, Vinson, I brought dessert for you. Have a taste." *I have never been this nervous since the college entrance examination.* Fearing that Vinson would refuse her, she wanted to cover it by saying Susanne was the one who asked her to bring him the dessert.

However, before she could, his cold voice sounded across the room. "Who are you?" Wendy stiffened as she stared at Vinson in disbelief. *Has he forgotten about me?* Feeling humiliated, Wendy bit her lower lip indignantly. After a while, Rayson stood up and approached Wendy.

"Sorry, miss. Outsiders are not allowed in here. Please leave." The woman felt even more embarrassed when he referred to her as an outsider. "I'm not an outsider," she refuted courageously. "I'm currently living with the Nightshires. Vinson, Ms. Stone asked me to bring you this dessert. Have you forgotten about me?" "Oh, it's you," uttered Vinson after hearing her explanation.

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Chapter 178 The Only Exception, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

Everyone in the room stared at Wendy differently now, especially Rayson. *Living with the Nightshires?* Rayson knew that Susanne was searching for a suitable spouse for Vinson. *Could she be that person? But what about Ms. Moore?* "What are you doing here?" questioned Vinson. "I made some dessert earlier, and there's extra, so Ms. Stone asked me to bring it here for you to share with the others," replied Wendy as she raised the dessert in her hands.

At the same time, Arielle, who was delivering materials on behalf of the filming director, halted her steps by the door. As she noticed Vinson and the woman

standing there looking at each other, all she wanted to do was put the items down and leave as quickly as possible. "No, thanks," Vinson refused. "I don't eat desserts." Wendy froze. "But Ms. Stone said you love dessert." "I used to. Not anymore, though.

Now I only like to eat ravioli." Upon hearing his words, the materials fell from Arielle's hands, which created a loud sound, causing everyone in the room to look at her. Noticing their attention on her, Arielle apologized before running out of the room with a flushed face. Vinson stared at her back with a small smile, which didn't go unnoticed by Wendy as she, too, looked at the woman who had just left in a hurry.

Recalling the conversation between Vinson and Susanne this morning, the light in her eyes gradually dimmed. *Oh, so it's her. She's merely a café waitress. Susanne definitely won't fancy her. But how did she manage to get Vinson to notice her? No, I can't let this be. She's not suitable for Vinson. If anything, I'm the only perfect match for him.* When Vinson was about to chase after Arielle, Wendy pulled him back by the corner of his shirt. "The dessert, Vinson," she said meekly.

The woman seemed so aggrieved that everyone almost pitied her. However, when they thought Vinson was going to show some compassion toward her, he relentlessly pulled his shirt back before fishing out his branded handkerchief to wipe the spot that she had touched. Then, he threw the expensive cloth in the trashcan as if it were dirty. Shocked by his behavior, Wendy turned pale as her lips trembled. "W-What's the meaning of this, Vinson?" *Am I that disgusting to him?* "There's no meaning," he replied coldly. "I hate it when people touch me.

From now on, please don't send anything to me anymore. Otherwise, all of them will end up in the trashcan, just like that handkerchief. Since this is your first time making such a mistake, I'll let you bring it back home. Also, tell my mom to stop doing things on her accord." With that, he left without so much as a glance toward Wendy. What he said was not only aimed at Wendy but every woman in the world. He had no patience for them.

The only exception was Arielle, and that was something he also could not quite decipher. Wendy watched as Vinson left her just like that. She could feel the ridiculing stares of everyone else in the room. Enraged, her eyes reddened as she bit her lip before running out of the room. *They will pay for humiliating me like this, especially that stupid waitress!* On the other side, Vinson ran as fast as possible and finally caught up to Arielle, who was about to enter the cab.

Grabbing her by the arm, he asked, "Where are you going?" Arielle didn't know why she suddenly found it hard to face Vinson now. *Sometimes, I seem to have no control over which direction to go to.* Not looking him in the eye, Arielle lowered her head. "The shooting's finished, so I'm going home. Where else can I go?" Vinson asked the taxi driver to leave before closing the door. "I have something to ask you.

Please don't leave first. I'll drive you home later." Staring at the taxi that was driving away, Arielle inhaled deeply before turning to the man. "What is it?" "Um, I have nothing to do with that woman earlier. I'm not even familiar with her. My

mom's the one who let her stay in our house, so please don't get the wrong idea," he explained.

"Why would I get the wrong idea?" questioned Arielle. "What happens between you two isn't my concern at all. If this has been troubling you, you can relax now because I don't care. Well, if that's all, I'll take my leave." With that said, she extended an arm to hail a cab once again.

However, Vinson grabbed her wrist and turned her body around, forcing her to look at him. His veins were popping out on his forehead as if he was restraining a specific emotion. "Do you really not care?" he asked in a low voice as he stared at her intently. "Not even a bit?" "Why should I care when I'm nobody to you?"

"Who said you're nobody to me?" Vinson's voice suddenly raised. When he realized what he just said, his body stiffened. *Yeah. Why should I worry about what she thinks if she's not anyone special?* Upon hearing his question, Arielle froze as she gulped. "Then who am I to you?"

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Chapter 179 He Likes Someone Else, A Beauty with Multiple Masks

"You're my..." he trailed off for a moment before continuing, "You're my friend, business partner, and savior." "Which means I still shouldn't care that you're involved with other girls," stated Arielle with a laugh. Vinson held his head high. "In my circle of friends, we ask each other's opinions whenever one of us has a girlfriend. That woman is not my type, and since you're my friend, please don't misunderstand."

Arielle was at a loss for words. Somehow, part of her felt happy, but another part of her felt disappointed, and she didn't know why she was having these feelings. "Oh," she replied in the end, not knowing what else to say. "You said you have something to ask me? What is it?" Hearing her question, Vinson remembered the question he initially wanted to ask before getting carried away with the whole Wendy affair.

"About being my pretend girlfriend. Have you thought of the answer yet?" Arielle was stupefied because she had forgotten everything about this. "Um... I don't think it's a good idea." She paused for a moment before continuing, "What if I end up getting in the way of your suitors? I heard that your mom's looking for a partner for you." "That is exactly why I need you to be my pretend girlfriend."

Truthfully, that woman from earlier was a blind date my mom had set up for me, but I want to marry someone of my choice, so I need your help." "I see," replied Arielle. "Since it's a blind date, I think you should go along with it. That woman has the looks, to be frank." "She's not my type." "Then what is your type?" "Um..." Vinson stared at her intently with mouth agape. "As long as it's not someone like her. Please help me."

"What's in it for me if I help you?" "You can enjoy all the benefits of being Mrs. Nightshire." Arielle smiled. "I'll consider it." "For real?" Vinson's eyes lit up. Letting out a cough, Arielle uttered, "Let's talk about it some other time. Henrick asked me to return home as soon as the shooting's done. Maybe he needs me for something. Well, I'll be taking my leave first." Vinson felt like he was walking on a tightrope when he didn't receive an answer from her, but he didn't want to force her, so he only nodded.

"I'll drive you home." "No need," replied Arielle hastily. "Henrick will be delusional again if he sees you driving me home. I'll just take a cab." "It's not safe for a woman to take a cab alone. I'll let Rayson drive you home." With that said, he immediately instructed Rayson to drive Arielle home. When Arielle left the place, Vinson instantly felt lost with her absence. *Could Carter be right? Have I fallen for Arielle?*

He then shook his head, trying to get himself back on track. *No. It couldn't be! I know damn well that Arielle doesn't like me in that way. And I definitely will not have feelings for someone who doesn't have feelings for me. I must be hallucinating. As I said earlier, she's only a friend, business partner, and a savior to me. I chose her to be my pretend girlfriend to drive off other suitors and nothing more. Yes. That must be it!*

Meanwhile, Wendy had arrived home, and Susanne was coincidentally standing at the door. Noticing Wendy returning with the dessert, Susanne hurriedly approached her. "What's going on? Why do you still have the dessert?" Wendy's eyes reddened as tears trickled down. "I-I..." She could not bring herself to explain as she kept on crying. "He bullied you, didn't he?" said Susanne as she fished out her phone. "I'm going to ask him to come home right now and apologize to you!"

"Wait—" uttered Wendy, grabbing Susanne's hand. "Don't call him, Ms. Stone. He likes someone else. So, naturally, he didn't want to accept my dessert in front of her." Susanne's eyes twitched upon hearing her word. "He likes someone else? Did you see her?"

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"Yeah," replied Wendy as another stream of tears escaped her eyes. "I didn't know that he has someone else already. Now that I know, I'm not going to bother him anymore. Ms. Stone, I know that you want me to be your daughter-in-law, but I guess I'm not meant to be." Wendy sounded so pitiful that Susanne's heart ached for her. "No, don't say that. Do you know who he likes, though? The Nightshires won't let anyone in that easily.

For me, you're still the best choice." Wendy pretended to think for a while before saying, "Yeah, and she's quite beautiful. When I saw her, she was wearing Soir Coffee's uniform, so she might be a waitress there." "What!" shouted Susanne in disbelief, face turning dark. "She's a waitress!" Wendy nodded. "If I'm not

mistaken, yes. Otherwise, why would she be wearing Soir Coffee's uniform?" "No! This is unacceptable!"

Susanne yelled furiously. "Does she seriously think that the Nightshires will recognize a mere waitress like her? We're way out of her league!" Seeing Susanne's reaction, Wendy was secretly delighted. *Yes, that's more like it. Without Susanne's recognition, that waitress will not surpass me, even if she's the one Vinson likes.* Her dad had a mistress once, and the mistress was so haughty that she wanted to marry into the family.

However, the elders of the Greenes refused to recognize her, so the mistress had to leave Horington in the end. *In this day and age, status matters the most. Those without any significant background will always remain a small fry.* At that moment, Geoffrey, the butler, came rushing in. "Mrs. Nightshire..." He stopped talking when his eyes landed on Wendy. "School is about to start, Ms. Stone. I'll head back to my room to do revisions," uttered Wendy sensibly.

She was enrolled in Jadeborough University's elite class. Unlike regular classes, the elite class would conduct monthly exams. If the students performed poorly, they might not get the graduation certification from the university. She prided herself on good grades, but she had heard that the courses and examinations in the elite class were challenging, so she could not take it lightly.

"Stay." Susanne grabbed her hand. "It's not like you're a stranger." Since the other woman was merely a waitress, Wendy remained her top choice of becoming Vinson's wife. Raising her chin slightly, Susanne motioned for Geoffrey to start talking. "Regarding the woman who managed to get Mr. Vinson's interest, I've found her.

Here's a photo of her." Geoffrey handed Susanne the photo. Since Susanne had met countless beautiful ladies in her life, she was not expecting anything. However, just when she thought she would be unimpressed, her eyes widened twice as much when she saw the woman in the photo. *How can a café waitress be this stunning?*